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Choice Poetry.

THE WHITTLER'S SONG.

This world is all a whittling shop,
Where each in fashion whittles,
For power, or fame, or happiness,
For pleasure, wealth, or victuals.
Some whittle friends, some whittle foes,
All whittle down each other;
And merrily, in field or town,
Each cuts and hacks his brother.

The Poet whittles out his rhymes,
With wearying mental labors—
At least, if worried not himself,
He's tiresome to his neighbors.
The Prosist whittles out his tales,
His sketches, and his leaders,
And vaguely hopes to whittle cash
From publishers and readers.

Reformers whittle off our sins,
And all those wicked habits,
That stick as closely to the soul,
As paltry does to rabbits!
With cutting saws and maxims cold,
They chill our fun and laughter,
And freeze us now, lest we should be
Too warm for fun hereafter.

Our President, he whittles out
Officials by the acre—
A "Borean" we may yet receive,
From the nation's Cabinet-maker.
Each politician, in his sphere,
Toils on, with zeal most hearty,
To save the land, by whittling off
The votes of the other party.

Our Army whittles off new States,
From neighboring territories—
Embraces them with shining "arms,"
And gilds them with new glories.
Our Navy sails around the globe,
And whittles off—its rations,
While cutting with its keels the seas,
To keep in awe the nations.

The drama has been whittled down,
If we believe detractors,
By managers who whittle "sticks"
Into sublimest actors;
And editors, who to the sky,
The dullest bores are praising—
Extolling them as "stars" on high,
Who're only dry sticks blazing.

The ladies—bless their charming souls!—
Would whittle out their garments
To the bifurcate form—like those
Worn by we bearded varmints!
But when to *such extremities*
Our pantaloons are driven,
No longer may we hope for peace,
Or rest, this side of Heaven!

Select Tale.

THE BUTCHER OF NOTRE DAME;

—OR,—

THE JESUIT FIEND OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES IX., OF FRANCE.

BY SYNUS, THE PILGRIM.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE BENEDICTINE.—A MYSTERY.

Early on the following morning Simon Vendel set out on his return to the city. Pierre had promised to shelter the Count and Adele, and also to take care of Michael, if necessary. Philip d' Artoy would have dissuaded the butcher from risking himself back at present, but he would listen to no persuasions.

"There will be but little danger to me," he said, "for I know of so many places of refuge, that I can easily escape any ordinary pursuit; and, besides, you may be assured that the occurrences of last night will not be made public yet. It would create too much stir and inquiry. I shall be wary, and I hope you will be the same, for you know not who may pass and see you. Thousands know the Count d' Artoy by sight, whom he would never remember to have seen. So beware, good Count, for remember, Adele St. Aulnay's safety is bound up in your own."

Philip promised to be careful, and shortly afterwards Simon Vendel started for the city.

Adele found the farmer's wife to be a kind-hearted, good woman, and she soon felt perfectly at home in her society. At first, Pierre was somewhat embarrassed by the presence of a French Noble, but he soon found the Count to be a generous, frank, open-hearted man, and he made himself perfectly easy.

The day had passed mostly away, and the family were at supper. The meal was nearly half done, when there came a rap upon the door, and one of the children, who had to wait for their supper until the rest had eaten, ran to the door and opened it, and when he returned, he was followed by a man in the garb of a Benedictine monk. Adele turned pale, and even Philip was startled, but they composed themselves in a few moments, for there was nothing in the appearance of the monk to excite suspicion. He was a very old man, and his hair and beard were white as snow. No razor had touched his face, for his beard grew freely where nature had placed it, though the hair was trimmed and curled in snowy clusters about his ears. His form was stout, but bent with age. He stooped much in his gait, and when he walked, he bore heavily upon the stout oaken staff which he carried. His long robe was fastened about the waist by a rope of tow, and from the end thereof depended a rosary of wooden beads and a crucifix. Coarse sandals shielded the soles of his feet from the stones and dirt, and their dusty, worn condition indicated that he had travelled far. He seemed travel-worn and weary, and the sweat stood in big drops upon his furrowed brow. His countenance, such of it as was visible above the thick, white beard, was kind and gentle in its look, though there was a strange gleaming of the eyes that was not so easily to be read.

"God's blessing rest upon thee, my children," he uttered, as he entered the room.

"Welcome, father," fervently responded Pierre.

"Bless thee, my son," added the Benedictine, sinking into a chair, and throwing back his cowl, thereby revealing the whole of his head, the top of which was either bald or shaven. "I have travelled far to-day, and am foot-sore and oppressed. I fear I cannot reach the city as I had hoped, for even now night is falling upon the earth."

"You can have shelter here, holy father," said the farmer. "My roof is ever ready to cover the weary, and my board holds enough for those that hunger. Here is a seat at our table."

"Not now, my son—not now. Wait till I have rested."

And there the old man sat, while the family went on with their meal, and Pierre Lafont forgot that he was a Catholic. In fact, it made no difference to the noble-hearted Huguenot of what religion a man might be when he applied to him for succor, and hence it was so hard for him to understand why others should be so intolerant. He had not in his heart a place for revenge, even against a Catholic. And then this Benedictine looked so kind and gentle, and his smile was so genial—only those eyes, so large and dark—they looked most strange. But Pierre feared nothing.

Several times when Adele raised her head, she found the gaze of the monk fixed keenly upon her. Of course she was somewhat startled, but then she knew not why she should fear, for the monk said he had just come from the Lower Seine, and certainly he could know of nothing what had transpired in the city.

As soon as the meal was finished, the monk sat up and ate very sparingly of the victuals that were placed before him.—While he was eating, Adele went out and sat down upon a rough, wooden bench, which the farmer had constructed beneath a huge oak. She sat here alone, and was pondering upon the startling events that had transpired, when she felt a touch upon the shoulder. She looked up, and was not a little startled when she saw the Benedictine standing over her. He leaned upon his staff, and gazed steadily into her face for some moments.

"Be not alarmed, my daughter," he said, "for surely no one could mean harm to such as you. I have sought you because your countenance struck me as being familiar. I have come towards Paris for the purpose of seeking a maiden called Adele St. Aulnay. Could you inform me where I might find her?"

Adele was more startled now than ever, and she returned no answer to the question.

"Are not you the maiden of whom I speak?" the monk asked, after a silence of some moments, and at the same time gazing steadily into her face.

A moment Adele hesitated. She looked up once more into those strange eyes, and at length she murmured:—

"You know me, holy father."

"I thought so, child. And now do you not know me?"

"I do not, sir."

"Do you not remember Aymar?"

"How? My uncle?"

"Certainly."

"You are Aymar—my uncle—my kind, good uncle?"

"Most surely I am."

Again Adele looked earnestly into the Benedictine's face, and she knew that he was her uncle—that he was the man who had in years gone by, protected her childhood—and yet she could not but tremble as she gazed upon him. There was something in his countenance that brought up other memories, and they were as vague as the landscape at midnight.

"I am glad that I have found thee, gentle Adele," the monk resumed "for I had set my heart upon seeing you once more. Of course I cannot remain upon earth many more days—I felt my life-tide running fast on its ebb, and I determined to seek you. When you were but a helpless infant, I made an oath that I would protect you, or see you protected. I found out Madame Roland, after I took you from the convent at Clermont, and to her I entrusted you. Has she not proved faithful?"

"Oh, yes—very faithful," returned Adele. She was moved even to tenderness by the old man's words and tones; but yet she shuddered again when she gazed up into his face. It was surely Aymar. She know it. Then why was she afraid? She could not tell.

"Do you still remain with Madame Roland?" the monk asked.

"I have been with her until very recently."

"Ah!—and have you left her now?"

Adele hesitated. But at length she made up her mind, and she told Aymar the whole story of her meeting with Malgrida, and the result thereof. When she finished the tale, the old man brought his staff heavily upon the ground, and at the same time uttered a malediction upon the head of the base Jesuit.

"*Malgrida!*" he murmured to himself. I surely have heard that name. Let me see: Many years ago, there was a man who crossed my way, and returns to my mind, with the sound of that name."

And the Benedictine bowed his head, and thought deeply. "Ah," he at length uttered, while a light shot athwart his aged features. "I think I rememember, now. King Francis had a young page, and this page was a Spaniard, whose father had squandered all his estate, and then turned his son off to wait upon the French monarch. That page was rightfully the *Marquis of Malgrida*, and his name was Juan Fernado. That must be it."

"It is! it is!" quickly cried Adele. "Oh, now I know why the name of Malgrida startled me so. I remember when I was at the convent in Clermont, he came there and tried to steal me away. I remember now; and when the Butcher of Notre Dame told me that the Jesuit's name was really Juan Fernado, I thought it very strange. But I see it now.

"Did he try to steal you away from Clermont?" asked the monk, considerably startled.

"He did."

"But you told me not of it when I went and took you away."

"Because I had well nigh forgotten it, but when I heard the name, I remembered it."

"And you know the Butcher of Notre Dame, too," said Aymar, eyeing the maiden keenly.

"Oh, yes," she frankly replied. "He has been very kind to me always. He supplied Madame Roland with meat, and he often stopped to chat with me. He is a good man, and a Christian."

"Not a Christian, Adele. I think Simon Vendel is a heretic."

The maiden started at these words, for they were spoken with much meaning.

"Perhaps," the monk added, as he noticed the effect of his words, "you have turned from the true church."

Adele did not answer.

"Are you a Huguenot?"

"I am a Protestant," tremblingly replied the fair girl.

"Is it possible?" uttered Aymar, crossing himself devoutly.

"It is," returned Adele, gaining courage, now that the truth was out.

"But what induced you to abjure your true religion?"

"I have the true religion, now, father," she replied, firmly.

"But why did you throw off your Catholic faith?"

"Because it was—"

"Speak plainly, my child, for you need fear nothing from me."

"Then I abjured Catholicism because its whole character, both internally and externally, is chilling to my soul. It is but a system of extortion and crime.—Blood marks its track, and the wail of widows and orphans is the music that arises about its altars. In every phase it is infamous, and in every point it is vulnerable. Its highest behests are murder and robbery, and its holiest aspirations are selfishness and deceit. Its churches are but the home of base intriguers, and its very convents are the hot-beds of lust and debauchery. Its priests are but wolves who feed upon the blood, the gold, and the virtue of the ignorant and poor deceived. I speak not of what I have heard, but of what I have seen, and I know how strictly true is every word I say. Oh! I would rather die than be forced to live in the darkness and despair of the Roman Catholic religion!"

Adele St. Aulnay spoke earnestly, and with zeal, and when she had concluded, the monk shook his head with a dubious expression.

"You are severe," he said.

"Perhaps I am; but the truth will bear me out."

"It is well that you have spoken this to me. Had it been spoken to another, it might have cost you your life."

"Aye," uttered the maiden, quickly, and with sparkling eyes, "I know it would, and that but proves the truth of what I have said. Catholicism would even murder a poor, defenceless girl, for speaking her honest opinion."

The monk gazed again into Adele's face with one of those looks that made her start. He would have spoken, but at this moment Philip came out from the house, and as the dew was beginning to fall heavily, Adele went into the dwelling.

As soon as the maiden had gone, the Benedictine had entered into conversation with the Count. He evinced a deep, and well-stored mind, and his conversation would have been interesting could the young man have divested himself of a vague fear which had taken possession of him. He was moved by the monk's appearance, nearly the same as Adele had been. He could not remain composed beneath the strange gleaming of those large, dark eyes, nor could he hear the mystic tones of the voice without starting. After awhile, Philip made up his mind that he had seen the monk at some former time, and under different circumstances; but with all his power of memory, he could not tell when nor where. He would now gaze up into that wrinkled face, and then listen to the deep voice, and then would he strive to drag up from the memories of the past, some scene wherein he had seen and heard the same before, but he could not do it. It was hidden from him—a dark and mystic thing.

At length the hour grew late, and the monk asked for a bundle of straw upon which to repose his weary limbs. Pierre Lafont conducted him to a chamber, and gave him a bed, and the old devotee did not refuse it.

On the following morning, the monk ate a hearty breakfast, and then signified his intention of starting for the city. He promised Adele that he would see her again—that he would watch over her if there was need, and then he took his leave.

"Adele," said the Count, after the Benedictine had gone from sight, "who is that man?"

"He has always called himself my uncle," returned the maiden, half vacantly, and without raising her eyes from the ground.

"But he is more than that. I have seen him somewhere, but I cannot tell where."

"There is something strange about him," responded Adele, now raising her eyes to her lover's face, "but I cannot tell what."

"Do you fear him?" the Count asked, in a whisper.

The fair girl started, and a pallor overspread her face.

"I know not," she said. "I hope he does not mean us harm."

And so the Count talked, but they came not to a comprehension of the mystery that enveloped the monk. The more they pondered, the more entangled they became, and when they dropped the subject, their thoughts were as busy as ever in trying to probe the mystery of the Benedictine.

CHAPTER VIII.

SATAN AT WORK.

Again let us look into the palace of the Louvre. Catharine de Medicis was in one of her own apartments, and it was evening. The Jesuit, Malgrida, was with her, and they had been conferring long together. The face of the latter was lighted by an exultant look, and the features of the Queen bore that same impenetrable coldness that always marked them, save when moved by passion. Catharine had sent for her son, and he soon entered.—Charles looked more pale than usual, and his eyes, which were red and sunken, showed that he had not slept much of late.

"What is it now, my mother?" the young monarch asked, throwing his plumed cap upon the floor, and sinking into a chair.

"I have called you upon this business of the Huguenots. The Nuncio and myself have been conferring upon the subject."

"Then why do you not confer it out?" impatiently exclaimed the King. "By the holy mass, I want none of this upon my mind."

"But you must have it there. Your Catholic subjects are looking towards you for counsel and assistance. Beware that you do not disappoint them! *Young Guise will assist you!*"

"Enough of that," uttered Charles, starting at his mother's low, meaning tones. "Tell me what you have done in your conference."

"We have done this: You must at once issue orders to the inquisitors to have the leading spirits of the Protestants arrested. Let them set their familiars at the work, and have those put to the torture who know anything of the plots that may be working. I think," the Queen continued, fixing her eyes keenly upon her son, and speaking very carefully, that there is a plot on foot among the Huguenots, for assassinating the King!"

"Me?- Assassinating me?" cried Charles.

"Aye—for assassinating you. The Nuncio has been among them, and he has heard wisperings of such a plot."

"Aye," added Malgrida, as the King instinctively turned towards him, "I have heard of such a plot. The Huguenots are determined to destroy the whole royal family."

"But who—who meditates this?" stammered Charles, affrighted.

"I have heard that the Count de Morronay knew of it, and that also did Sir John de Hois," answered the Jesuit.

"Impossible!" uttered the King, "Upon my soul, I do not believe those two brave gentlemen would be guilty of so foul a crime."

"Try them! Try them!" cried the Queen, stamping her foot upon the floor. "Put them to the torture, and see if they will not confess. Surely, you will not calmly sit down and give up your life."

"No—I will not."

"Then seize de Marronay, and John de Hois, at once. Nip this foul conspiracy in the bud, or your head may fall ere you know it."

The young King was now fairly startled. Naturally timid of unseen dangers, he was sorely moved, now, for of late his mind had been in anything but an easy condition.

"They shall be arrested at once," he uttered, starting back and bringing his hands together with a vehement emphasis.

"But let it be done secretly," interposd the Queen. "Let the inquisitors have the whole handling of it, and then their arrest will not make disturbance among their friends, for there is need that this matter should be conducted as secretly as possible, in order that we may find out the whole plot."

"It shall be done, mother."

"It must be done. And there is another, too, who must keep them company—the Count Philip d' Artoy. He is dangerous at large, for he is one of the most generally esteemed among the Huguenots."

"Let it be so. By the powers of heaven, we shall see if the King's head is safe!"

"There is no fear if you are only determined," resumed Catharine. "Only *be* a King, and you are safe."

"I *am* a King," said Charles, and as he spoke, he strode proudly across the room. "And yet," he added, as he returned, "that Butcher of Notre Dame escaped me. Many times within the past few days, has he been seen, and yet he cannot be captured."

"Set the familiars upon his track, and they will find him."

"I'll have him yet. But first I'll see to de Matronay and de Hois. The familiars shall be upon their track ere another sun rises to light them on in their murderous plot. Assassinate the King, will they? We shall see."

And thus speaking, Charles hurried from the apartment. When he was gone, the Queen mother turned to the Nuncio, and with a dark smile upon her features, she said:

"So—our plan works. If either de Marronay or de Hois can be tortured into confessing a plot against the King's life, then he is sure for the work. I have sworn that the Huguenots shall die, and our Papal master shall see that Catharine de Medicis can do his bidding."

"But if neither of these will confess?" suggested the Jesuit.

"Then, perhaps d' Artoy will; and if he does not, then we must continue the arrests until such a confession can be tortured out of somebody. It is absolutely necessary that Charles should be made to believe that there *is* a plot among the Protestants against his life, and when we can do that, then his assistance is sure. We must work upon his fear some, for his conscience troubles him not a little."

"Of course he will have the nobles whom you have accused to him, arrested at once."

"Most assuredly he will. Oh, our plot works well. The Pope shall yet see France free from the accursed tread of heretics, and when the last one dies, he may thank Catharine for the holy job."

"And never fear but that he will thank you, royal lady."

And thus did the Queen mother plot with the emissary of the Pope against her own people, and even against her own child! Well did she know that Charles had some real manhood yet left in his soul. She had tried to crush it out, but she could not. She had set the wine-cup before him, but he would not give up to it. She had thrown vice and temptation of all kinds in his way, and yet a part of his soul was left. It was a deep, damnable plot she had laid for the furtherance of Catholic interests, and Charles had recoiled from it at first with absolute horror. By teasing and misrepresenting she had got him to consent, but yet she saw that he trembled in view of the work. He had promised her, but she feared to trust him. But now she had arranged a plan that was to accomplish almost the whole of her fiendish purpose. She would make him believe that the Protestants had conspired against his life, and her work with him would be done. The poor, weak King had heard her falsehood, and he believed it!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF DR. BAILEY.—Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, Editor and publisher of the National Era, died at sea on board the Arago on the 5th ult. Dr. B. had been an invalid for some months, and at the time of his death was on his way to Europe in the hope of regaining his health. He was born at Mount Holley, N. J., in 1807, studied medicine in Philadelphia, and took his degree in 1828. After serving as ship's physician on a trip to China, he commenced his career in journalism in Baltimore as the Editor of the Methodist Protestant. Subsequently, in 1831, he removed to Cincinnati, where he was appointed physician to the Cholera Hospital during the prevalence of that epidemic. In 1836 he joined the late James G. Birney in the publication of the Philanthropist, a Liberty party paper at Cincinnati. His paper met the usual fate of all Anti-Slavery journals in those times, his press and printing office being several times destroyed by mobs. Mr. Birney withdrew from the paper in 1837, and was supported by the Philanthropist for the Presidency, in 1840. Mr. Bailey continued the publication of his paper till 1847, when it was merged in the Natonal Era, an Anti-Slavery paper published in Washington by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, of which Dr. B. was chosen Editor. In 1848 he purchased the paper from the Society, and continued its publication on his own account. As an editor, though by no means violent, he was quite too plain-spoken to suit the meridian of Washington, and the mob decided to destroy his press. His office was besieged for two or three days, but he was not driven from his post. In 1856, Dr. Bailey supported Fremont, and has since acted with the Republican party. His paper has maintained a high literary character, and first gave Mrs. Stowe's story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to the world. Dr. Bailey was a gentleman of amiable disposition, and of decided opinions, and was a writer of considerable vigor and ability.

HON. JOHN M. BOTTS.—A lengthy letter from this gentleman appears in the Richmond Whig, in which he declares his purpose to prosecute O. Jennings Wise, Esq., for libel, and to award the damages thus obtained, to some benevolent society.

THE EFFECT OF IT.—The Milwaukie News says that since Sickles shot Key, no less than thirty-four men have been shot, or shot at, by injured husbands, that we have account of.

Miscellaneous.

VIOLA.

She has passed, like a bird, from the minstrel throng;
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong;
Her place is hushed by her lover's side,
Yet his heart is full of his fair young bride:
The hopes of his heart are crushed and bowed,
And he thinks of his love, in her long white shroud;
And the fragrant sighs of her perfumed breath,
Were kissed from her lips, by his rival—Death.

Light as a bird's, were her springing feet—
Her heart as joyous—her song as sweet—
Yet never again shall that heart be stirred
With its glad, wild song, like a singing bird;
Never again shall the strains be sung,
That in sweetness dropped from her silver tongue:
The music is over, and Death's cold dart
Hath broken the spell of that free, glad heart.

Oft at eve, when the breeze is still,
And the moon floats up the distant hill,
And I wander alone 'mid the Summer bowers,
And wreath my locks with the sweet wild flowers,
I think of the time when she lingered there,
With her mild blue eyes, and her long fair hair:
I will treasure her name in my bosom's core—
But my heart is sad—I can sing no more.

Picture of South Carolina.

W. H. Trescot, author of several works on American Diplomacy, recently delivered an address before the South Carolina Historical Society, and in an analysis of the character of the South, as changed by the influence of political strife, deprecated the departure from the old conservatism. In a few words he unveils the spirit of a lawless Democracy. He says:

"On the one side we have honest and true men, goaded by the irritating controversies of the day into fierce impatience, relying to unjust and unscrupulous denunciation, by a rude and unnatural arrogance that offends friends as well as foes, who meet one insane and disorganizing policy by another as vicious and unlawful, for whom a petulant suspicion has created a restless insolation that strives to conceal its sense of weakness by a noisy boastfulness of strength; who, exaggerating many of the very best features of our character, present to the world a distorted picture of Old Carolina. For if slavery—that institution in defence of which they stand with all the courage, if not the temper, of their fathers—has done anything for us, it has made us a grave, earnest, resolute, just people. Look at the great men in whom the State lives—the Rutledges and Pinckneys of the Revolution; men of a later day, like Gaillard, and Sumter, and Judge Smith, and Lowndes, and Calhoun, and Hayne, and Cheves, and Drayton, and so many others, not less honored, and who have lived and died in some service of the State. How strong, and yet how quiet; calm, resolute men; just, and generous, and firm; men who governed others because they governed themselves; men who, in the very tempest of party strife—

'Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side; nor veil their eyes.'

"While, on the other side, we have men equally honest, who, wearied and disgusted with these extravagances, would rashly destroy those peculiarities of our State character and Constitution, which are liable to such mischievous exaggeration; who would eradicate our old State pride; destroy the old conservative character of our State politics; strip us bare of all the glorious achievements of the past, and drive us, destitute and dishonored, into a fit companionship of a vagabond and demoralized Democracy—a Democracy which, in the language of one of the boldest and honestest thinkers in the country, 'has modified our State Constitutions in a Democratic sense; has destroyed the independence of the Judiciary, by rendering the Judges elective by the people, for short terms of service, and re-eligible; tampered with the noble system of the common law; assailed the principle of vested rights; struck at the very principle of constitutional government, by asserting for the people in caucus the rights which they can have only in convention legally assembled; and removed, as far as possible, every obstacle to to the immediate expression in law of the will or caprice of the majority for the time; in a word, which has done everything it could to render our Government an absolute Democracy, as incompatible with liberty as absolute monarchy itself.'"

The "remarkable prediction" of Humboldt, that he would die in the year 1859, was simply his conclusion from a close observation of the decay of his physical powers. It was remarkable only in showing the superiority of the mind over the body, and the scientific accuracy with which the mind could determine the point of time when the physical machinery would wear out.—*Cin. Commercial.*

THE DIMENSIONS AND POPULATION OF WALL STREET.—Wall Street, in the city of New York, which is about half a mile long, has 6,000 inhabitants, and forty miles of stairway. So says Mr. Lake, the letter-carrier.

The plantation of Senator Douglas, down the Mississippi, has been submerged; and as misfortunes never come singly, there has been a good deal of cold water thrown on his political prospects recently.—*Louisville Journal.*

William L. Goggin having failed of an election in the State of Virginia, the Petersburg Intelligencer believes that he can do better in all the States together, and accordingly names him as a candidate for President.

Horace Greeley on Kansas.

In his last letter to the Tribune, Mr. Greeley thus sums up his opinion of the natural resources of Kansas:

I like Kansas—that is natural Kansas—better than I had expected to. The soil is richer and deeper; the timber is more generally diffused; the country more rolling—than I had supposed them.—There are of course heavy drawbacks in remoteness from the seaboard, heavy charges for bulky goods, low prices of produce, Indian reserves, and the high price of good lumber.

* * * * * *

I consider Kansas well watered—no Prairie State better. I do not confine this remark to the present, when everything is flooded, and likely to be more so. I mean that springs, streams, creeks, rivers, are quite universal. For my own private drinking, I should like a supply not so much impregnated with lime; but, for limestone water, this is generally quite good.

And the limestone itself, is among the chief blessings of Kansas. I presume it underlies every foot of her soil I have yet traversed, with nearly every square mile that will be comprised within the State of Kansas. You see it cropping out from almost every bluff; it lies thickly strewn in bowlders over the surface of every headland or promontory that makes out into the bottoms, low prairies or ravines; so that if you want to use it, it is always to be drawn (or rolled,) down hill.—Though not here needed as a fertilizer, it can every where be quarried with little labor into building-stone, or burned for use in putting up chimneys and plastering walls.

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But an unpleasant truth must be stated: There are too many idle, shiftless people in Kansas. I speak not here of lawyers, gentlemen, speculators, and other non-producers, who are in excess here as elsewhere; I allude directly to those who call themselves settlers, and who would be farmers if they were anything. To see a man squatted on a quarter-section, in a cabin which would make a fair hog pen, but is unfit for a human habitation, and there living from hand to mouth, by a little of this and a little of that, with hardly an acre of prairie broken, (sometimes without a fence up,) with no garden, no fruit trees, "no nothing"—waiting for some one to come along and buy out his "claim," and let him move on to repeat the operation somewhere else—this is enough to give a cheerful man the horrors. Ask the squatter what he means, and he can give you a hundred good excuses for his miserable condition. He has no breaking team; he has little or no good rail timber; he has had "the shakes;" his family have been sick; he lost two years and some stock by the Border Ruffians, &c., &c. But all this don't overbear the facts that, if he has no good timber, some of his neighbors have it in abundance, and would be very glad to have him work part of it into rails, on shares, at a fair rate; and if he has no breaking team, he can hire out in haying and harvest, and get nearly or quite two acres broken next month for every faithful week's work he chooses to give at that busy season. The poorest man ought thus to be able to get ten acres broken, fenced, and into crop each year. For poor men gradually hew farms out of heavy timber, where every fenced and cultivated acre has cost twice or thrice the work it does here.

As to the infernal spirit of Land Speculation and Monopoly, I think no State ever suffered from it more severely than this. The speculators in broadcloth are not one whit more rapacious or pernicious than the speculators in rags, while the latter are forty times more numerous.—Land speculation here is about the only business in which a man can embark with no other capital than an easy conscience. For example: I rode up the bluffs back of Atchison, and out three or four miles on the high, rolling prairie, so as to have some fifteen to twenty square miles in view at one glance. On all this inviting area, there were perhaps half a dozen poor or middling habitations, while not one acre in each hundred were fenced or broken. My friend informed me that every rood I saw was "pre-empted," and held at thirty up to a hundred dollars or more per acre. "Pre-empted!" I exclaimed; "how pre-empted? by living or lying?" "Well" he responded, "they live a little and lie a little." I could see abundant evidence of the lying, not at all of the living. To obtain a pre-emption, the squatter must swear that he actually resides on the quarter section he applies for, has built a habitation and made other improvements there, and wants the land for his own use and that of his family. The squatters who took possession of these lands must every one have committed gross perjury in obtaining pre-emption—and so it is all over the Territory, wherever a lot is supposed likely to sell for more than the minimum price.

Gov. Wise, in his recent letter to Hon. David Hubbard, airs his Scriptural proficiency a little, and says: "The Reubens have tried to sell me into Egypt for my dreaming." The New York Express, better posted in Biblical lore, tells the Governor that his reference is all wrong, for it so happens that Reuben was the only one of Joseph's brethren who did not want to sell him.

Theodore S. Fay, our Minister to Switzerland, who it is said will soon be recalled, has not been within the limits of the United States for thirty years.